

**THE PACIFIC
Commercial Advertiser.**

The Old House in Juden Strasse.

THE REWARD OF INTEGRITY.

In one of the most distinguished quarters of Frankfurt-on-the-Main was the street called Juden Strasse, or Jews' street, and there in a very handsome city, it was quiet and retired, and represented but a small number of the busy residents of Frankfurt.

In one of the houses dwelt a Jew, whose love of gain—if indeed such a passion had entered into his soul—had made him rich; and he was represented but not only by the wealth and the companionship of princes and nobles. In all parts of the commercial world he heard the name with veneration; and at this day his family are scattered about in the grandest of the money market, the success, however honorable, controllers of the wealth of nations.

But though frequently urged to make her home in one of the princely palaces in which they dwell, Sarah Rothschild passed her peaceful old age in the quaint little house in which she had been born, who were proudest in their own right, and able to offer their country's gift of nobility—given, too, to merit alone—when they visited her, she received them in the same room in which they had received their lessons of truth and honor, and the stately woman rose up with a grace and dignity that would seem only to have been inspired by the presence of the heads of all who knew their worth and integrity. Such is a true sketch of the great house of Rothschild.

I will not say that he was not earnestly seeking for money and for gain, the mere contingencies of fortune, and to be up to something, and to be known who sat around his board; but high above all those was enthroned a pure principle of honor and justice, perfectly incorruptible, to the loss of which wealth and honor could not bribe, nor poverty compel him.

The house was a picture of taste and companion for such a man. Statuary—an eastern statue, and beautiful as only her own race can be, in the wealth and brilliancy of her deep black eyes and raven hair—distinguished for the peculiar purple tint that flashes over all in the sun's rays, just as they gleam over the head of Sarah Rothschild was as good as she was beautiful.

This house was neat and elegantly ordered.

Although the furniture was of a simple form, it was made of a rare old wood, that would now bring its weight in gold.

One closet was devoted to sets of

china, and to another, Dresden china—the heaviest of families who had been born in it, and were glad to let them in the Jew's care, while they lived upon the money they brought. Ah! how few could redeem them! This closet was often carelessly exposed to strangers, and its wealth of beautiful cups and plates, and to the admiration of all, was the admiration of the children of Herod. They, indeed, were never tired of gazing upon the paintings and fine gilding that enriched the china.

Although the outer closet was thus fearfully exposed, few would have imagined that behind its seemingly simple door there was a secret room containing princely inheritances in gold and diamonds.

This was the trust closet, so constructed that the closet inspection would not reveal its existence; and it were hidden, not the treasure that extravagance had pawned, and for which the wealthy Jew was responsible, but the savings which had been entrusted to his integrity to keep, and for which he would never be paid.

One night when the family were about to retire to rest, a faint knock was heard at the door, and was answered by the master of the house. A gentleman, plain simple in his dress, and carrying nothing, and even so, with a certain air of importance, stepped on the steps. His person was wholly unknown to the Jew, and it seemed that he was equally so to the stranger, for he was particular in asking for him by name.

He ushered his visitor to the room where his wife was still sleeping; as he left, in front of the famous closet, which stood with its doors open, he stopped. At first the stranger seemed half disposed to object to the presence of the lovely Jew, but when she turned her superb head, and acknowledged his own presence by a bow, while her grave and serene countenance shone with a smile, he was deeply content that she should share his secret.

He was soon comforted by the arrival of his husband.

"This was soon unfolded. The visitor was a German prince, who, from some political or personal reason, was forced to flee from Frankfort. He had heard of the purity and uprightness of the man with whom he had come to deal, and he wished to place all his trust in the world under his charge, if he would accept the trust."

"I wish only," said the prince, "to retain enough for my expenses to a foreign land. Once there, it will go hard if a prince cannot find something on which to live, and I will sufficiently obtain a living. If nothing else, I will shape my course to that land toward the setting sun, where, I am told, the distinctions of rank vanish, and where every man is as good as his neighbor."

The Jew promised, and asked when he would bring his treasures, so that he might be able to appoint a private room to arrange their business.

"I have them," said the prince, "drawn from beneath his vest a wide girdle. On examination, it was found to press apart with a secret spring, and its recesses, which were deeply lined with soft silk, was found a collection of the most precious and dazzling stones that ever glistened the eyes of the Jew. This girdle was not like a star, rubies and sapphires, each of which with a pinctipality, were in turn admired and commented on, and taken account of. It was past midnight when the examination ended and the accounts finished."

"Now," said the prince, "I would fain see where my treasure is to lie, that, in case anything should happen to you and your wife, I might know where to seek it."

"That is a precaution of only common prudence," said the Jew. "You shall yourself behold it in a place of safety, from which it will not be removed until your return, safe by circumstances in which even the sacrifice of my life may be demanded."

The shutters were closed to prevent all prying eyes, and his wife removed the chains from one side of the closet, and, unslipping a panel, which had been so beautifully fitted in, so ignorant of the secret could have detected it, the girdle was lowered into a receptacle beneath herself, a moment all was replaced. The prince bowed his thanks, shook hands with his new friend, and was seen to proceed down the stairs.

Thus passed the night, and on the Jew worked early and late. The beautiful Sarah watched the arrival of her children with a mother's tender affection. Her ambition for her sons was not that they should become great, but good men; but she hoped that they might be more successful in life than their piodding, infatuated father.

Then came the terrible French revolution, and those revolutions which convulsed all Germany. Frankfort, Hamburg and Bremen felt the shock, and the poor Jews, hunted, pillaged of their wealth, deprived of their homes, were scarcely able to escape with life, when the horns of fury were down with the Jews; prevalent over all other sounds, and deafened the ears of the poor Hebrews there.

In this time of alarm and confusion, Sarah Rothschild kept a brave woman's heart within her bosom, did not shrink from sorrow, but grew more gloriously beautiful than ever, and a wife, she lost sight of in her love for her son, and the objects of her affections. The house was ransacked and pillaged—all everything of value was taken by the lawless French soldiery, who scornfully reviled her husband for keeping such a insignificant woman in so small a place. Every Jew who had come to call, was required to take off his hat to the Christians, and when he insulted this act of humiliation he was stoned and abused. And the proud spirit of Sarah clung to her husband and the brave, beautifully born, who had rebel against the multitude, receive insults and threathens from even the children of the Christians.

Years went by. The prince returned. He had seen both troubles and joys times in the far country which had flown to as a refuge; and now, with renewed health and strength, and a brave, strong spirit that defied all to make life as it came, and bear on without murmur, he was quietly down near Frankfort. All around him were the same recent struggle with a foreign power; but as the grass sprang up elastic from the feet that tread it down, so does a city or nation recover itself after the operation of war, transplanted within its borders.

The German prince had given up the thought of the treasures he had committed to the Jew, and when his class was reported to have suffered, and felt that in those times of extremity, human integrity must fail before the absolute necessity that surrounded the unhappy Jews. He comforted himself that, at least, his wife and son, Jewish and Christian, had the same property only awaiting his disposal by the death he had left with them; and thus the matter rested in his mind.

One morning, while the prince was at breakfast, he was told that their personal wishes to see him on business. He entered his apartment in the breakfast-room, and on his entrance was surprised and gratified by the sight of his old friend, the Jew.

"I came," said he, "to speak about the property left with me."

"Don't think that at all, my friend," interrupted the Jew, "but come in to breakfast with me. Nay, I insist and pray, do not mention it again. I rejoice that it was there to do you service in a time when you must have needed it so much. Sit down, and, in this admirable coffee, we will discuss away its remembrance altogether."

The Jew took his chair, and the prince sat down.

"Believe me, sir, your treasure is all safe, just as I told you. The closet was searched again and again, and every sum examined without success. The fine old china, and indeed all our possessions, were sacrificed to the plundering rapacity of the enemy; but thank God, the name of Israel's God, we did not lose the most essentially needed by the deepest he had left with them; and thus the matter rested in his mind."

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The prince was astonished. "I had scarcely believed in such virtue, my friend. You have taught me that it is possible to be incorruptible; and henceforth I shall have increased faith in the dignity and purity of human nature."

A few days after this, the prince called at the house in Juden Strasse, and received his girdle with not a stone missing. In that very house the children of Ben-Haber were educated in the principles of honor

and justice. Everywhere the integrity of their father was sounded abroad by the prince who deemed that the man who was not sufficient to be heard in the world heard the voice of the household, and received not only the trust but the companionship of princes and nobles. In all parts of the commercial world he heard the name with veneration; and at this day his family are scattered about in the grandest of the money market, the success, however honorable, controllers of the wealth of nations.

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